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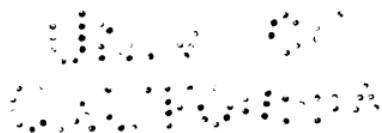
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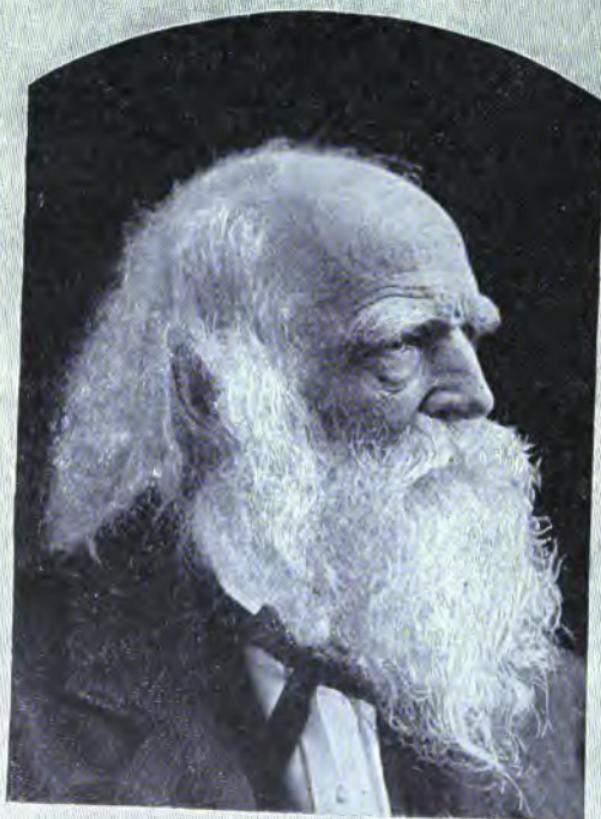
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William Cullen Bryant

POEMS FOR THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE

PRESCRIBED IN THE COURSE OF STUDY FOR THE
COMMON SCHOOLS OF ILLINOIS

PART TWO
FOR FIFTH AND SIXTH YEARS
WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

BY
CHESTINE GOWDY

Teacher of Grammar in the Illinois State Normal University



BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

OFFICIAL ENDORSEMENT

THE publication of this book was approved and endorsed by the Standing Committee on the Illinois State Course of Study at a special meeting held during the convention of the Illinois State Teachers' Association at Springfield, Illinois, December 27-29, 1904.

The present revised edition has incorporated the latest revision (1907) of the Official Course, and contains all the poems recommended by Miss Gowdy in her revision.

At the repeated and urgent solicitation of Mr. B. C. Moore, County Superintendent of McLean County, and several other county superintendents and teachers in Illinois, the present edition of Poems for the Study of Language has been issued in three parts, at 15 cents each. It is believed that the poems will thus be made more available to the pupils of the State.

Part One contains all of the 40 selections prescribed in the State Course of Study for the Language work of the third and fourth years. Price in paper binding, 15 cents.

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Part Three contains all of the 36 selections prescribed in the State Course of Study for the Language work in the seventh and eighth years, with Biographical Sketches and Portraits of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Bryant. Price in paper binding, 15 cents.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

IN 1889 a Course of Study for the State of Illinois consisting of eight years' work was compiled by a committee of six county superintendents appointed by a convention of county superintendents and other leading educators of the State who had been called together for this purpose by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

This course ¹ has since been revised four times; the last revision was made in the spring of 1907, by the Standing Committee of the County Superintendents' Section of the State Teachers' Association, composed of F. E. Blair, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; David Felmley, President of Illinois State Normal University; Alfred Bayliss, President of Western Illinois State Normal School; C. H. Root, County Superintendent of Grundy County; James Kirk, Professor of Pedagogy in the South Illinois Normal University; Amos D. Curran, County Superintendent of Kendall County; Charles McIntosh, County Superintendent of Piatt County; George W. Brown, County Superintendent of Edgar County; John W. Cook, President of North Illinois State Normal School; Miss Cora Hamilton, West Illinois State Normal School.

Under the supervision of this committee the work in language was revised by Miss Chestine Gowdy, assisted in the work of the third and fourth years by Miss Lora Dexheimer. This language course calls for the study of a large number of poems. Many of these poems were difficult to find, while others were published only in ex-

¹ Published by C. M. Parker, Taylorville, Ill., price 25 cents.

pensive editions. A demand, therefore, arose for a book which should contain all of the poems recommended, and the collection of this material into this volume was undertaken by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., as they are the authorized publishers of more than half of the poems recommended. In this they were assisted by other publishers and by authors who kindly granted permission for the use of poems controlled by them.

Acknowledgment is due to Charles Scribner's Sons for the use of *The Ruby-Crowned Kinglet*, taken from *The Toiling of Felix and Other Poems*, by Henry van Dyke, and for *Nightfall in Dordrecht*, taken from *Second Book of Verse*, by Eugene Field; to Little, Brown and Company for *October's Bright Blue Weather, Down to Sleep*, and *September*, by Helen Hunt Jackson; to J. B. Lippincott Company for *Sheridan's Ride*, by Thomas Buchanan Read; to E. P. Dutton and Company for *Christmas Everywhere*, by Phillips Brooks; to Fleming H. Revell Company for *Our Flag*, taken from *Lyrics of Love*, by Margaret Sangster.

Thanks are also due to the following authors for courteous permission to use the poems mentioned: to Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley Ward for *Why do Bells for Christmas Ring*; to Eben E. Rexford for *The Bluebird*; to Richard Burton for *Christmas Tide*.

The value of this book has been greatly enhanced by an introduction by Miss Gowdy, who, as author of the course, is especially qualified to offer suggestions for the study of the recommended poems. The biography of Lowell was also written by Miss Gowdy. It is to be hoped that this book will prove useful to many teachers not only in Illinois but also in other States where the course is followed.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

Literature in a Language Course.

Language work in our elementary schools should deal chiefly with the art of speech. Only when pupils have reached the last years of their common-school course are they ready for any study of the science of language. But long before this time they should begin to acquire power in self-expression. Such language training should be provided as will tend to give some measure of clearness, freedom, and virility, as well as formal correctness of speech.

The outline for language work in the Illinois State Course of Study was prepared in the belief that wealth of thought and power in expression must develop together. In the series of composition exercises suggested in the course of study, the natural interests of the child are recognized,—the interests that grow out of his home life, the life of the community, and the character of the surrounding country. To write acceptably he must write about subjects of which he has knowledge. But any series of language lessons that does not tend to make his own life and the world of which he is a part more interesting to him, more full of things to write about and talk about, is likely to fail of large language results. To help broaden and deepen the interests of the pupils, as well as to provide high ideals of expression, one or two poems for study are named each month in addition to the composition exercises and the more formal work of the course. Nearly a hundred poems are included in the six years' work outlined. They are all brought together for the first time in this volume.

Poems to be Studied Primarily as Literature.

The wise teacher will ask about each poem first of all, how it may be made to give pleasure and awaken thought. She will see in it a piece of literature, not merely material for a language lesson. The chief aim in teaching a descriptive poem should be to make the pictures in the poem more vivid, and thus to awaken the imagination or to kindle an appreciation of kindred beauties in the pupil's immediate environment. In teaching a narrative poem the sequence of events must first be made clear. After that is accomplished, the aim should be to give fuller meaning to the story by bringing out clearly the causes, motives, and results of acts.

The younger pupils will enjoy the poems without any thought of why they like them, but unconsciously their thought and speech will be moulded by the study. In the higher classes effective expressions and passages should be pointed out, and the means of producing effects should be noted.

Language Values in the Work.

But while the poems are to be studied primarily as literature, the teacher should be keenly conscious of the possibilities for language training connected with the work.

The study of literature more than any other subject demands leisurely work, time for thought to ripen and to find fitting expression. The true literature class is a conversation class, — a class in which each pupil is led to interpret the author, and to express his own thoughts without self-consciousness. It is of necessity a class in the art of expression.

Studying and memorizing the poems must enlarge the reading vocabularies of the pupils. The teacher should see that the work is made to enrich their writing and their speaking vocabularies as well. Children are too often satisfied with a slender list of words representing very general

ideas. One word is made to serve for a variety of special uses, the hearer being trusted to interpret it according to the circumstances under which it is used. In the talk about the poem the teacher should use the new and more definite words of the poet, thus leading his pupils to do the same. Professor George Herbert Palmer says, "Let any one who wants to see himself grow, resolve to adopt two new words each week. It will not be long before the endless and enchanting variety of the world will begin to reflect itself in his speech and in his mind as well." Does not this suggest an ideal which every language teacher should have for his pupils, and which he should strive to impart to them before their school lives end?

A few special word exercises may be suggested :

1. Make a list of descriptive words in the poem. What does each describe ? Use it to describe something else.
2. Make a list of words that you never use. What word should you have used in the place of each if you had tried to express its meaning ? Which word is better, yours or the author's ? Why ?
3. Give as many synonyms as you can for the following words (these to be selected by the teacher from the poem). Did the author make a good choice in each case ?

Relation of Study to Composition Exercises.

Compositions should not often be based directly upon the poems. Pupils must be able to tell or write the story presented by a narrative poem, but no paraphrasing of descriptive passages should be called for. The conversations of the class hour will, however, often suggest subjects for compositions ; and the general character of a poem studied in a given month has often determined the character of a composition suggested for the month. For example, a descriptive poem is often accompanied by a descriptive composition ; and a narrative poem by a narrative composition.

Method of Presentation.

With younger children every poem should be studied first in class. After a few words of introduction fitted to arouse the interest of the children or to remove any bar between them and the poet, the teacher should read the poem as well as she can, not stopping for comment unless it seem necessary to do so in order to hold the interest of the children. After this first reading, the poem should be read again part by part. This is the time for question, explanation, and discussion. If time permit, the teacher should now read the poem a third time, that the final impression may be left by the author's own words. The whole or a part of the poem should now be memorized. Children will in this way learn with delight poems which they could not read by themselves with understanding or pleasure. Miss Dexheimer has used with children in the first grade many of the poems named in the third and the fourth year work.

With older pupils the amount of help given by the teacher should depend upon the character of the special poem to be studied. In the seventh month of the sixth year *A Legend of the Northland* and *The Voice of Spring* are the poems named. The former is a simple narrative poem, involving no difficulties in meaning or phraseology. It may be studied from the book with no help from the teacher but a simple statement of the character of the preparation to be made. When class time comes, the pupils may be expected to tell the story clearly and to explain allusions. They may be trusted to see the moral with no help from the teacher. The last stanzas may well be ignored, as the incidental moral lesson is more effective with young people than the sermon. No poem should be memorized until it has been read in class.

The Voice of Spring is a descriptive poem, dependent for its charm upon the music of the rhythm and its appropriateness to the joyous progress described by the poem, and upon the pictures presented, many of which are unfamiliar to Illinois children. The teacher's success here depends

upon his own appreciation and enjoyment of the poem and his power to arouse these feelings in his pupils. This poem must be studied in class before the pupils are asked even to read it.

Four Poets most Largely Represented.

More than half of the poems named in the course were written by four men, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, and Bryant. There were two leading reasons for including so many poems by these authors. In the first place, it was thought that they would be more generally accessible than others, as school and home libraries would be likely to include the works of these four writers. In the second place, it was thought that every American child should come to have, as a part of his rightful heritage, a sense of kinship with those poets who have done so much to gain European recognition for American literature and to develop a spirit of nationality at home.

Special Study of Authors.

Younger children should enjoy literature for its own sake, with little interest in the personality of the writer. The names of authors may be given them, but only gradually should pleasure in the work of an author arouse interest in the writer himself. But in the seventh and eighth years of the course, opportunities are suggested for giving special attention to the life and writings of each of the four poets whose names have become most familiar to the pupils.

At the close of the sixth month of the year in which, by the system of alternation common in Illinois, classes may be expected to be doing third, fifth, and seventh year work, an afternoon may be given to Longfellow exercises with very little special preparation. All classes have been studying poems written by him; these may be recited. The last compositions of all classes are suitable for such an occasion and some of them should be read. An older pupil may be called upon to tell of the author's life.

For the morning exercises of the eighth month of the same year, the eight poems of Lowell that have been learned during the year may be recited by different pupils, and others may be asked to tell the school about the author's life and character.

An examination of the course will suggest that the fifth month of the alternate year is a suitable time for a special study of Whittier, and that a joint Bryant and bird celebration may come during the eighth month of this year.

Biographical sketches are included in this volume as helps in the study of the four authors named. Other material, such as pictures and magazine clippings, should be collected gradually, and each school library should contain one complete copy of each author's poems.

CHESTINE GOWDY.

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FIFTH YEAR

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

"This poem," says Mr. Whittier, "was written in strict conformity to the account of the incident as I had it from respectable and trustworthy sources. It has since been the subject of a good deal of conflicting testimony, and the story was probably incorrect in some of its details. It is admitted by all that Barbara Frietchie was no myth, but a worthy and highly esteemed gentlewoman, intensely loyal and a hater of the Slavery Rebellion, holding her Union flag sacred and keeping it with her Bible; that when the Confederates halted before her house, and entered her dooryard, she denounced them in vigorous language, shook her cane in their faces, and drove them out; and when General Burnside's troops followed close upon Jackson's, she waved her flag and cheered them. It is stated that May Quantrell, a brave and loyal lady in another part of the city, did wave her flag in sight of the Confederates. It is possible that there has been a blending of the two incidents."

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall ; 10

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind : the sun 15
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down ; 20

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right 25
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.

“ Halt ! ” — the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“ Fire ! ” — out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash. 30

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
 Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
 And shook it forth with a royal will.

“ Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
 But spare your country’s flag,” she said. 35

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
 Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirred
 To life at that woman’s deed and word ; 40

“ Who touches a hair of yon gray head
 Dies like a dog ! March on ! ” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
 Sounded the tread of marching feet :

All day long that free flag tost
 Over the heads of the rebel host. 45

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
 On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
 Shone over it with a warm good-night. 50

Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er,
 And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave, 55
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town ! 60

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

ALICE CARY

OH, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw ?
Aye ? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and corn fields, a little brown, — 5
The picture must not be over-bright, —
Yet all in the golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
Alway and alway, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn 10
Lying between them, not quite sere,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
Under their tassels, — cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass, 15
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,

With bluebirds twittering all around, —
 (Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound !) —
 These, and the house where I was born,
 Low and little, and black and old, 20
 With children, many as it can hold,
 All at the windows, open wide, —
 Heads and shoulders clear outside,
 And fair young faces all ablush :
 Perhaps you may have seen, some day, 25
 Roses crowding the self-same way,
 Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
 With woods and corn fields and grazing herds,
 A lady, the loveliest ever the sun 30
 Looked down upon you must paint for me :
 Oh, if I only could make you see
 The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
 The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
 The woman's soul, and the angel's face 35
 That are beaming on me all the while,
 I need not speak these foolish words :
 Yet one word tells you all I would say, —
 She is my mother : you will agree
 That all the rest may be thrown away. 40

Two little urchins at her knee
 You must paint, sir : one like me, —
 The other with a clearer brow,
 And the light of his adventurous eyes
 Flashing with boldest enterprise : 45
 At ten years old he went to sea, —
 God knoweth if he be living now, —

He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*,
 Nobody ever crossed her track
 To bring us news, and she never came back. 50

Ah, it is twenty long years and more
 Since that old ship went out of the bay
 With my great-hearted brother on her deck :
 I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
 And his face was toward me all the way. 55

Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
 The time we stood at our mother's knee :
 That beauteous head, if it did go down,
 Carried sunshine into the sea !

Out in the fields one summer night 60
 We were together, half afraid
 Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
 Of the high hills, stretching so still and far, —
 Loitering till after the low little light
 Of the candle shone through the open door, 65
 And over the hay-stack's pointed top,
 All of a tremble and ready to drop,
 The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
 That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
 Had often and often watched to see 70

Propped and held in its place in the skies
 By the fork of a tall red mulberry-tree,
 Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew, —
 Dead at the top, — just one branch full
 Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool, 75

From which it tenderly shook the dew
 Over our heads, when we came to play
 In its hand-breadth of shadow, day after day.
 Afraid to go home, sir ; for one of us bore

A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,— 80
 The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
 Not so big as a straw of wheat:
 The berries we gave her she would n't eat,
 But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
 So slim and shining, to keep her still. 85

At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,
 You can paint the look of a lie?
 'If you can, pray have the grace
 To put it solely in the face 90
 Of the urchin that is likest me:
 I think 't was solely mine, indeed:
 But that's no matter,— paint it so;
 The eyes of our mother— (take good heed) —
 Looking not on the nestful of eggs, 95
 Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
 But straight through our faces down to our lies,
 And, oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
 I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as
 though
 A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know 100
 That you on the canvas are to repeat
 Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
 Woods and corn fields and mulberry-tree,—
 The mother,— the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
 But, oh, that look of reproachful woe! 105
 High as the heavens your name I 'll shout,
 If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

THE FOUNTAIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

5

10

15

20

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element ;

23

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee !

30

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing from Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar, 8
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar ;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray, 10
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town, 15
A good broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,

A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need ; 20
He stretched away with the utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ; 25
Or the tail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.

The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ; 30
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape flowed away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath, 45
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there.
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
 With foam and with dust, the black charger was
 gray ;
 By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play, 50
 He seemed to the whole great army to say,
 " I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester, down to save the day ! "

Hurrah ! hurrah for Sheridan !
 Hurrah ! hurrah for horse and man ! 55
 And when their statues are placed on high,
 Under the dome of the Union sky,
 The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
 There with the glorious General's name,
 Be it said, in letters both bold and bright, 60
 " Here is the steed that saved the day,
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester, twenty miles away ! "

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

FELICIA D. HEMANS

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rockbound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark 5
 The hills and water o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came ; 10
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear ; —
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom 15
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea :
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free ! 20

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white wave's foam :
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
 This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair 25
 Amidst that pilgrim band : —
 Why had they come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ; 30
 There was manhood's brow serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ? 35
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod :
 They have left unstained what there they found, —
 Freedom to worship God. 40

THE ONE HUNDREDTH PSALM

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
 Serve the Lord with gladness : come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God : it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves ; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise : be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good : his mercy is everlasting ; and his truth endureth to all generations.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men ! 5

And thought how, as the day had come,
 The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men ! 10

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
 The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

15

Then from each black, accursed mouth
 The cannon thundered in the South,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

20

It was as if an earthquake rent
 The hearth-stones of a continent,
 And made forlorn
 The households born
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

25

And in despair I bowed my head ;
 “ There is no peace on earth,” I said ;
 “ For hate is strong,
 And mocks the song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

30

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep :
 “ God is not dead ; nor doth he sleep !
 The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,
 With peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

35

LITTLE GOTTLIEB

A CHRISTMAS STORY

PHOEBE CARY

ACROSS the German Ocean,
 In a country far from our own,
 Once, a poor little boy, named Gottlieb,
 Lived with his mother alone.

They dwelt in the part of a village 5
 Where the houses were poor and small,
 But the home of little Gottlieb
 Was the poorest one of all.

He was not large enough to work,
 And his mother could do no more 10
 (Though she scarcely laid her knitting down)
 Than keep the wolf from the door.

She had to take their threadbare clothes,
 And turn, and patch, and darn ;
 For never any women yet 15
 Grew rich by knitting yarn.

And oft at night, beside her chair,
 Would Gottlieb sit, and plan
 The wonderful things he would do for her,
 When he grew to be a man. 20

One night she sat and knitted,
And Gottlieb sat and dreamed,
When a happy fancy all at once
Upon his vision beamed.

'T was only a week till Christmas, 25
And Gottlieb knew that then
The Christ-child, who was born that day,
Sent down good gifts to men.

But he said, "He will never find us,
Our home is so mean and small,
And we, who have most need of them,
Will get no gifts at all." 30

When all at once a happy light
Came into his eyes so blue,
And lighted up his face with smiles,
As he thought what he could do. 35

Next day when the postman's letters
Came from all over the land ;
Came one for the Christ-child, written
In a child's poor trembling hand. 40

You may think he was sorely puzzled
What in the world to do;
So he went to the Burgomaster,
As the wisest man he knew.

And when they opened the letter,
They stood almost dismayed
That such a little child should dare
To ask the Lord for aid. 45

Then the Burgomaster stammered,
 And scarce knew what to speak, 50
 And hastily he brushed aside
 A drop, like a tear, from his cheek.

Then up he spoke right gruffly,
 And he turned himself about :
 " This must be a very foolish boy, 55
 And a small one, too, no doubt."

But when six rosy children
 That night about him pressed,
 Poor, trusting little Gottlieb
 Stood near him, with the rest. 60

And he heard his simple, touching prayer,
 Through all their noisy play ;
 Though he tried his very best to put
 The thought of him away.

A wise and learned man was he,
 Men called him good and just ;
 But his wisdom seemed like foolishness,
 By that weak child's simple trust. 65

Now when the morn of Christmas came,
 And the long, long week was done, 70
 Poor Gottlieb, who scarce could sleep,
 Rose up before the sun,

And hastened to his mother,
 But he scarce might speak for fear,
 When he saw her wondering look, and saw 75
 The Burgomaster near.

He was n't afraid of the Holy Babe,
 Nor his mother, meek and mild ;
 But he felt as if so great a man
 Had never been a child. 80

Amazed the poor child looked, to find
 The hearth was piled with wood,
 And the table, never full before,
 Was heaped with dainty food.

Then half to hide from himself the truth 85
 The Burgomaster said,
 While the mother blessed him on her knees,
 And Gottlieb shook for dread ;

“ Nay, give no thanks, my good dame,
 To such as me for aid, 90
 Be grateful to your little son,
 And the Lord to whom he prayed ! ”

Then turning round to Gottlieb,
 “ Your written prayer, you see,
 Came not to whom it was addressed, 95
 It only came to me !

“ T was but a foolish thing you did,
 As you must understand ;
 For though the gifts are yours, you know,
 You have them from my hand.” 100

Then Gottlieb answered fearlessly,
 Where he humbly stood apart,
 “ But the Christ-child sent them all the same,
 He put the thought in your heart ! ”

ABRAHAM LINCOLN**WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT**

Written by request, when the funeral procession of the martyred President passed through the streets of New York.

OH, slow to smite and swift to spare,
 Gentle and merciful and just!
 Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
 The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand, 5
 Amid the awe that hushes all,
 And speak the anguish of a land
 That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done ; the bond are free :
 We bear thee to an honored grave, 10
 Whose proudest monument shall be
 The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life ; its bloody close
 Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
 Among the noble host of those 15
 Who perished in the cause of Right.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

1
MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

15
In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood ;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

20
Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day ;
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends, 25
 Sheer the precipice descends,
 Loud the torrent roars unseen ;
 Thirty feet from side to side
 Yawns the chasm ; on air must ride
 He who crosses this ravine. 30

Following close in his pursuit,
 At the precipice's foot
 Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
 Halted with his hundred men,
 Shouting upward from the glen, 35
 “ *La Illáh illa Alláh !* ”

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
 Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast ;
 Kissed him upon both his eyes,
 Sang to him in his wild way, 40
 As upon the topmost spray
 Sings a bird before it flies.

“ O my Kyrat, O my steed,
 Round and slender as a reed,
 Carry me this peril through !
 Satin housings shall be thine,
 Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine, 45
 O thou soul of Kurroglou !

“ Soft thy skin as silken skein,
 Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
 Tender are thine eyes and true ;
 All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
 Polished bright ; O life of mine, 50
 Leap, and rescue Kurroglou ! ”

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,

Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge. 60

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore ;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice 65
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,
Careless sat he and upright ;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look, 70
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath ; 75
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. "Allahu!" 80
Cried he. "In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
As this Robber Kurroglou!"

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"October 16, 1845. Before church, wrote *The Arrow and the Song*, which came into my mind as I stood with my back to the fire, and glanced on to the paper with arrow's speed. Literally an improvisation." — *Diary of H. W. Longfellow*.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air, 5
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke ; 10
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE BELL OF ATRI

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say, 5
“ I climb no farther upward, come what may,” —
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space, 10
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring 15
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said. 20
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the riinger’s hand.
Till one, who noted this in passing by, 25
Mended the rope with braids of briony,

So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt, 30
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts ; —
Loved, or had loved them ; for at last, grown old, 35
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall, 40
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said : “ What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here, 45
When rents are low and provender is dear ?
Let him go feed upon the public ways ;
I want him only for the holidays.”
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street ; 50
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed, 55

The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;
 When suddenly upon their senses fell
 The loud alarum of the accusing bell !
 The Syndic started from his deep repose,
 Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose 60
 And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
 Went panting forth into the market-place,
 Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung
 Reiterating with persistent tongue,
 In half-articulate jargon, the old song : 65
 "Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong !"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
 He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
 No shape of human form of woman born,
 But a poor steed dejected and forlorn, 70
 Who with uplifted head and eager eye
 Was tugging at the vines of briony.
 "Domeneddio !" cried the Syndic straight,
 "This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state !
 He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
 And pleads his cause as loudly as the best." 75

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
 Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
 And told the story of the wretched beast
 In five-and-twenty different ways at least, 80
 With much gesticulation and appeal
 To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
 The Knight was called and questioned ; in reply
 Did not confess the fact, did not deny ;
 Treated the matter as a pleasant jest, 85
 And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,

Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King ; then said : 90
“ Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way ;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds !
These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear 95
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute ?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door. 100
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside.”

The Knight withdrew abashed ; the people all 105
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud : “ Right well it pleaseth me !
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door ;
But go not in to mass ; my bell doth more : 110
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws ;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time.”

PLANT A TREE

LUCY LAROOM

He who plants a tree,
Plants a hope.

Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope ;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.

So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.

Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be ?

He who plants a tree,
Plants a joy ;

Plants a comfort that will never cloy ;
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.

If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee !

He who plants a tree, —
He plants peace.

Under its green curtains jargons cease.
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly ;

Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.

Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

5

10

15

20

25

He who plants a tree,—
 He plants youth ;
Vigor won for centuries in sooth ; 30
Life of time, that hints eternity !
 Boughs their strength uprear ;
 New shoots, every year,
 On old growths appear :
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
 Youth of soul is immortality. 35

He who plants a tree,—
 He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see. 40
 Gifts that grow are best;
 Hands that bless are blest;
 Plant! life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be. 45

SPRING

(Translated from the French of Charles D'Orleans)

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

GENTLE Spring ! in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display !
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,

And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train, 5
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain ;
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,
 Their beards of icicles and snow; 10
 And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
 We must cower over the embers low;
 And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
 Mope like birds that are changing feather.
 But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear, 15
 When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
 Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud;
 But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;
 Thou tearest away the mournful shroud, 20
 And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,
 Who has toiled for naught both late and early,
 Is banished afar by the new-born year,
 When thy merry step draws near.

SELECTION FROM MARMION

SIR WALTER SCOTT

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

OH ! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, 5
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for brake and he stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;

But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late : 10
 For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
 sword, — 15

For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word, —
 “ Oh ! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? ” —

“ I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine, 21
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up, 25
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the
 cup.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
 “ Now tread we a measure ! ” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face, 31
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
 While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
 plume ;

And the bride-maidens whispered, " 'T were better by
far" 35
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochin-
var."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger
stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung ! 40
" She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran :
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee, 45
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

THE DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees, 5
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay : 10
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company :
I gazed, — and gazed, — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought : 15

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

THOMAS CAMPBELL

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !
And I 'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry ! "

— “Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?” 5

— “Oh, I’m the chief of Ulva’s isle,
And this, Lord Ullin’s daughter.

“ And fast before her father’s men
Three days we’ve fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“ His horsemen hard behind us ride, —
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ? ”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
“ I’ll go, my chief, I’m ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady : —

“ And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So though the waves are raging white,
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“ O haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,
“ Though tempests round us gather ;
I ’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father ! ”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh, too strong for human hand !
The tempest gather'd o'er her. 40

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade 45
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“ Come back ! come back ! ” he cried in grief,
“ Across this stormy water,
And I ’ll forgive your Highland chief : —
My daughter ! — O my daughter ! ”

'T was vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child, 55
And he was left lamenting.

THE PAINTED CUP

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THE fresh savannas of the Sangamon
Here rise in gentle swells, and the long grass
Is mixed with rustling hazels. Scarlet tufts
Are glowing in the green, like flakes of fire;
The wanderers of the prairie know them well,
And call that brilliant flower the Painted Cup.

Now, if thou art a poet, tell me not
That these bright chalices were tinted thus
To hold the dew for fairies, when they meet
On moonlight evenings in the hazel bowers, 10
And dance till they are thirsty. Call not up,
Amid this fresh and virgin solitude,
The faded fancies of an elder world;
But leave these scarlet cups to spotted moths
Of June, and glistening flies, and humming-birds, 15
To drink from, when on all these boundless lawns
The morning sun looks hot. Or let the wind
O'erturn in sport their ruddy brims, and pour
A sudden shower upon the strawberry plant,
To swell the reddening fruit that even now 20
Breathes a slight fragrance from the sunny slope.

But thou art of a gayer fancy. Well—
Let then the gentle Manitou of flowers,
Lingering amid the gloomy waste he loves,
Though all his swarthy worshippers are gone—
Slender and small, his rounded cheek all brown
And ruddy with the sunshine; let him come

On summer mornings, when the blossoms wake,
 And part with little hands the spiky grass ;
 And touching, with his cheery lips, the edge 30
 Of those bright beakers, drain the gathered dew.

THE YELLOW VIOLET

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
 And woods the bluebird's warble know,
 The yellow violet's modest bell
 Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume, 5
 Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
 To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
 Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
 First plant thee in the watery mould,
 And I have seen thee blossoming
 Beside the snow-bank's edges cold. 10

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
 Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
 Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
 And streaked with jet thy glowing lip. 15

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
 And earthward bent thy gentle eye,

Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh. 20

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk ;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them — but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are flown, 10
 And frosts and shortening days portend
 The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
 Look through its fringes to the sky,
 Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall 15
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
 The hour of death draw near to me,
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,
 May look at heaven as I depart. 20

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our mother Nature laughs around,
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground ?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ; 6
 The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
 And the wilding-bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
 And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,

And here they stretch to the frolic chase, 11
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There 's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower ;
There 's a titter of winds in that beechen tree ; 14
There 's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles, —
Ay, look, and he 'll smile thy gloom away ! 20

SIXTH YEAR

THE GRAY SWAN

ALICE CARY

“ OH ! tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A-sailing with your ship ? ”

The sailor’s eyes were dim with dew,
“ Your little lad, your Elihu ? ”

He said with trembling lip, —
“ What little lad ? What ship ? ”

“ What little lad ? as if there could be
Another such a one as he !
What little lad, do you say ? ”

Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee !
It was just the other day
The *Gray Swan* sailed away ! ”

“ The other day ? ” The sailor’s eyes
Stood open with a great surprise : —
“ The other day ? — the *Swan* ? ”

His heart began in his throat to rise.
“ Ay, ay, sir ! here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on ! ” —
“ And so your lad is gone ? ”

“Gone with the *Swan*.” “And did she stand
 With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
 For a month, and never stir?”

“Why, to be sure! I’ve seen from the land, 25
 Like a lover kissing his lady’s hand,
 The wild sea kissing her,—
 A sight to remember, sir!”

“But, my good mother, do you know
 All this was twenty years ago? 30
 I stood on the *Gray Swan’s* deck,
 And to that lad I saw you throw,
 Taking it off, as it might be, so!
 The kerchief from your neck.”—
 “Ay, and he’ll bring it back!” 35

“And did the little lawless lad,
 That has made you sick and made you sad,
 Sail with the *Gray Swan’s* crew?”
 “Lawless! The man is going mad!
 The best boy ever mother had:— 40
 Be sure he sailed with the crew!
 What would you have him do?”

“And he has never written line,
 Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
 To say he was alive?” 45

“Hold! if ‘t was wrong, the wrong is mine;
 Besides, he may be in the brine;
 And could he write from the grave?
 Tut, man! What would you have?”

“Gone, twenty years,—a long, long cruise,
 ‘T was wicked thus your love to abuse! 50

But if the lad still live,
 And come back home, think you, you can
 Forgive him?" — "Miserable man!
 You're mad as the sea, — you rave — 55
 What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
 And from within his bosom drew
 The kerchief. She was wild.
 "O God, my Father! is it true? 60
 My little lad, my Elihu!
 My blessed boy, my child!
 My dead, my living child!"

RAIN IN SUMMER

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

How beautiful is the rain!
 After the dust and heat,
 In the broad and fiery street,
 In the narrow lane,
 How beautiful is the rain! 5

How it clatters along the roofs,
 Like the tramp of hoofs!
 How it gushes and struggles out
 From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane 10
 It pours and pours;
 And swift and wide,
 With a muddy tide,

Like a river down the gutter roars
 The rain, the welcome rain !

15

The sick man from his chamber looks
 At the twisted brooks ;
 He can feel the cool
 Breath of each little pool ;
 His fevered brain
 Grows calm again,
 And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

20

From the neighboring school
 Come the boys,
 With more than their wonted noise
 And commotion ;
 And down the wet streets
 Sail their mimic fleets,
 Till the treacherous pool
 Ingulfs them in its whirling
 And turbulent ocean.

25

In the country, on every side,
 Where far and wide,
 Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
 Stretches the plain,
 To the dry grass and the drier grain
 How welcome is the rain !

30

In the furrowed land
 The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;
 Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
 With their dilated nostrils spread,
 They silently inhale

40

The clover-scented gale,
 And the vapors that arise
 From the well-watered and smoking soil. 45
 For this rest in the furrow after toil
 Their large and lustrous eyes
 Seem to thank the Lord,
 More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand, 50
 From under the sheltering trees,
 The farmer sees
 His pastures, and his fields of grain,
 As they bend their tops
 To the numberless beating drops 55
 Of the incessant rain.
 He counts it as no sin
 That he sees therein
 Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these, 60
 The Poet sees !
 He can behold
 Aquarius old
 Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
 And from each ample fold 65
 Of the clouds about him rolled
 Scattering everywhere
 The showery rain,
 As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold 70
 Things manifold
 That have not yet been wholly told, —

Have not been wholly sung nor said.
 For his thought, that never stops,
 Follows the water-drops 75
 Down to the graves of the dead,
 Down through chasms and gulfs profound,
 To the dreary fountain-head
 Of lakes and rivers under ground ;
 And sees them, when the rain is done, 80
 On the bridge of colors seven
 Climbing up once more to heaven,
 Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
 With vision clear, 85
 Sees forms appear and disappear,
 In the perpetual round of strange,
 Mysterious change
 From birth to death, from death to birth,
 From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth ; 90
 Till glimpses more sublime
 Of things, unseen before,
 Unto his wondering eyes reveal
 The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel
 Turning forevermore 95
 In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

THE HARVEST MOON

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

It is the Harvest Moon ! On gilded vanes
 And roofs of villages, on woodland crests
 And their aerial neighborhoods of nests

Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
 Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes 5
 And harvest-fields, its mystic splendor rests !
 Gone are the birds that were our summer guests ;
 With the last sheaves return the laboring wains !
 All things are symbols : the external shows
 Of Nature have their image in the mind, 10
 As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves ;
 The song-birds leave us at the summer's close,
 Only the empty nests are left behind,
 And pipings of the quail among the sheaves

MAIZE, THE NATION'S EMBLEM

CELIA THAXTER

UPON a hundred thousand plains
 Its banners rustle in the breeze,
 O'er all the nation's wide domains
 From coast to coast betwixt the seas.

It storms the hills and fills the vales, 5
 It marches like an army grand,
 The continent its presence hails,
 Its beauty brightens all the land.

Far back through history's shadowy page
 It shines, a power of boundless good, 10
 The people's prop from age to age,
 The one unfailing wealth of food.

God's gift to the New World's great need
That helped to build the nation's strength,
Up through beginnings rude to lead 15
A higher race of men at length.

How straight and tall and stately stand
Its serried stalks upright and strong!
How nobly are its outlines planned,
What grace and charm to it belong!

What splendor in its rustling leaves !
What richness in its close-set gold !
What largess in its clustered sheaves,
New every year, though ages old !

America, from thy broad breast
It sprang, beneficent and bright,
Of all thy gifts from heaven the best,
For the world's succor and delight.

Then do it honor, give it praise!
A noble emblem should be ours;—
Upon thy fair shield set thy Maize,
More glorious than a myriad flowers.

And let thy States their garland bring,
Each its own lovely blossom-sign,
But leading all let Maize be king,
Holding its place by right divine. 35

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

BLAZON Columbia's emblem,
 The bounteous, golden Corn !
 Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
 And the joy of the earth, 't was born.
 From Superior's shore to Chili, 5
 From the ocean of dawn to the west,
 With its banners of green and silken sheen
 It sprang at the sun's behest ;
 And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
 With honey and wine 't was fed, 10
 Till on slope and plain the gods were fain
 To share the feast outspread :
 For the rarest boon to the land they loved
 Was the Corn so rich and fair,
 Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas 15
 Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
 Offered the heaven-sent Maize —
 Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
 For the sun's enraptured gaze ; 20
 And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
 As the gods' own gift and seal,
 And Montezuma's festal bread
 Was made of its sacred meal.

Narrow their cherished fields ; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest ;
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold ;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold ;
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasselled Corn —
The sun's supreme bequest !
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear,
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn ;
But the wide republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn !

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

A STORY OF HOLLAND

PHŒBÉ CARY

THE good dame looked from her cottage
 At the close of the pleasant day,
 And cheerily called to her little son
 Outside the door at play :
 " Come, Peter, come ! I want you to go, 5
 While there is light to see,
 To the hut of the blind old man who lives
 Across the dike, for me ;
 And take these cakes I made for him —
 They are hot and smoking yet ; 10
 You have time enough to go and come
 Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her labor
 Humming a simple song,
 And thought of her husband, working hard 15
 At the sluices all day long ;
 And set the turf a-blazing,
 And brought the coarse black bread ;
 That he might find a fire at night,
 And find the table spread. 20

And Peter left the brother,
 With whom all day he had played,
 And the sister who had watched their sports
 In the willow's tender shade ;
 And told them they 'd see him back before 25

They saw a star in sight,
 Though he would n't be afraid to go
 In the very darkest night!
 For he was a brave, bright fellow,
 With eye and conscience clear; 30
 He could do whatever a boy might do,
 And he had not learned to fear.
 Why, he would n't have robbed a bird's nest,
 Nor brought a stork to harm,
 Though never a law in Holland 35
 Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
 And eyes as bright as the day
 With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
 He trudged along the way; 40
 And soon his joyous prattle
 Made glad a lonesome place —
 Alas! if only the blind old man
 Could have seen that happy face!
 Yet he somehow caught the brightness 45
 Which his voice and presence lent;
 And he felt the sunshine come and go
 As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
 And the winds began to rise, 50
 The mother looked from her door again,
 Shading her anxious eyes;
 And saw the shadows deepen
 And birds to their homes come back,
 But never a sign of Peter 55
 Along the level track.

But she said : " He will come at morning,
 So I need not fret or grieve —
 Though it is n't like my boy at all
 To stay without my leave." 60

But where was the child delaying ?
 On the homeward way was he,
 And across the dike while the sun was up
 An hour above the sea.

He was stopping now to gather flowers, 65
 Now listening to the sound,
 As the angry waters dashed themselves
 Against their narrow bound.

" Ah ! well for us," said Peter,
 " That the gates are good and strong, 70
 And my father tends them carefully,
 Or they would not hold you long !
 You 're a wicked sea," said Peter ;
 " I know why you fret and chafe ;
 You would like to spoil our lands and homes ; 75
 But our sluices keep you safe ! "

But hark ! Through the noise of waters
 Comes a low, clear, trickling sound ;
 And the child's face pales with terror,
 And his blossoms drop to the ground. 80

He is up the bank in a moment,
 And, stealing through the sand,
 He sees a stream not yet so large
 As his slender, childish hand.

'T is a leak in the dike ! He is but a boy, 85
 Unused to fearful scenes ;
 But, young as he is, he has learned to know,

The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
 Grows faint that cry to hear, 90
 And the bravest man in all the land
 Turns white with mortal fear.
 For he knows the smallest leak may grow
 To a flood in a single night ;
 And he knows the strength of the cruel sea 95
 When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy ! He has seen the danger,
 And, shouting a wild alarm,
 He forces back the weight of the sea
 With the strength of his single arm ! 100
 He listens for the joyful sound
 Of a footstep passing nigh ;
 And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
 The answer to his cry.
 And he hears the rough winds blowing, 105
 And the waters rise and fall,
 But never an answer comes to him,
 Save the echo of his call.
 He sees no hope, no succor,
 His feeble voice is lost ; 110
 Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
 Though he perish at his post !

So, faintly calling and crying
 Till the sun is under the sea ;
 Crying and moaning till the stars
 Come out for company ;
 He thinks of his brother and sister,
 Asleep in their safe warm bed ; 115

He thinks of his father and mother,
 Of himself as dying — and dead ; 120
And of how, when the night is over,
 They must come and find him at last :
But he never thinks he can leave the place
 Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage 125
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done ; 130
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun ?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door ;
Her child is coming home, but not 135
As he ever came before !

“ He is dead ! ” she cries ; “ my darling ! ”
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears : 140
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife —
Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life ! ”
So, there in the morning sunshine 145
They knelt about the boy ;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

T is many a year since then ; but still,
 When the sea roars like a flood, 150
 Their boys are taught what a boy can do
 Who is brave and true and good.
 For every man in that country
 Takes his son by the hand,
 And tells him of little Peter,
 Whose courage saved the land. 155

They have many a valiant hero,
 Remembered through the years :
 But never one whose name so oft
 Is named with loving tears. 160
 And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
 And told to the child on the knee,
 So long as the dikes of Holland
 Divide the land from the sea !

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

BAYARD TAYLOR

“ GIVE us a song ! ” the soldiers cried,
 The outer trenches guarding,
 When the heated guns of the camps allied
 Grew weary of bombarding.

3. The chief feature of the Crimean War (1854-1855) was the siege of Sebastopol, a Russian town, with an important harbor, on the Black Sea. The allied forces besieging it were those of England, France and Turkey.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff, 5
 Lay, grim and threatening, under ;
 And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
 No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said
 “ We storm the forts to-morrow ; 10
 Sing while we may, another day
 Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the battery’s side,
 • Below the smoking cannon :
 Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde, 15
 And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
 Forgot was Britain’s glory :
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang “ Annie Laurie.” 20

Voice after voice caught up the song,
 Until its tender passion
 Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, 25
 But, as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier’s cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.

5. The most powerful fortifications erected by the Russians for the defence of Sebastopol were on the *Malakoff* hill, and among them the one most prominent and threatening was the tower, called the great *Redan*.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
 The bloody sunset's embers, 30
 While the Crimean valleys learned
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
 Rained on the Russian quarters,
 With scream of shot, and burst of shell, 35
 And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
 For a singer, dumb and gory ;
 And English Mary mourns for him
 Who sang of " Annie Laurie." 40

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest
 Your truth and valor wearing :
 The bravest are the tenderest,—
 The loving are the daring.

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE

PHILLIPS BROOKS

EVERYWHERE, everywhere, Christmas to-night !
 Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,
 Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
 Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
 Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright. 5

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
 Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
 Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,
 Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight ;
 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night ! 10

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all ;
 No palace too great, and no cottage too small.

CHRISTMASTIDE

RICHARD BURTON

CHRISTMAS time is a time of cold,
 Of weathers bleak and of winds a-blow ;
 Never a flower — fold on fold
 Of grace and beauty — tops the snow
 Or breaks the black and bitter mold. 5

And yet 't is warm — for the chill and gloom
 Glow with love and with childhood's glee ;
 And yet 't is sweet — with the rich perfume
 Of sacrifice and of charity.

Where are flowers more fair to see ?

10

Christmas tide, it is warm and sweet ;
 A whole world's heart at a Baby's feet !

CHRISTMAS

IN MEMORIAM — CVI

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light :
 The year is dying in the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, 5
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
 The year is going, let him go ;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ; 10
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life, 15
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times ;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in. 20

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite ;

Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ; 25

Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ; 30
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

JOHN KEATS

Written December 30, 1816, on a challenge from Leigh Hunt, who printed both his and Keats's sonnets in his paper, *The Examiner*.

THE poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;
That is the Grasshopper's — he takes the lead 5

In summer luxury, — he has never done
With his delights ; for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never :

On a lone winter evening, when the frost 10
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one, in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.



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WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE IN WINTER



SELECTIONS FROM SNOW-BOUND

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THE FATHER

OUR father rode again his ride
 On Memphremagog's wooded side ;
 Sat down again to moose and samp
 In trapper's hut and Indian camp ;
 Lived o'er the old idyllic ease 5
 Beneath St. François' hemlock trees ;
 Again for him the moonlight shone
 On Norman cap and bodiced zone ;
 Again he heard the violin play
 Which led the village dance away. 10
 And mingled in its merry whirl
 The grandam and the laughing girl.
 Or, nearer home, our steps he led
 Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
 Mile-wide as flies the laden bee ; 15
 Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
 Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
 The low green prairies of the sea.
 We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
 And round the rocky Isles of Shoals 20
 The hake-broil on the drift-wood coals ;
 The chowder on the sand-beach made,
 Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
 With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.

We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
When favoring breezes deigned to blow
The square sail of the gundelow
And idle lay the useless oars.

THE MOTHER

OUR mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cocheeo town,
And how her own great-uncle bore 5
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free,
(The common unrhymed poetry
Of simple life and country ways,) 10
The story of her early days,—
She made us welcome to her home.
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book, 15
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side;
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away; 20
We fished her little trout-brook, knew

What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
 What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
 She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,
 Saw where in sheltered cove and bay 5
 The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
 And heard the wild geese calling loud
 Beneath the gray November cloud.

THE AUNT

NEXT, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
 And voice in dreams I see and hear,—
 The sweetest woman ever Fate
 Perverse denied a household mate,
 Who, lonely, homeless, not the less 5
 Found peace in love's unselfishness,
 And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
 A calm and gracious element,
 Whose presence seemed the sweet income
 And womanly atmosphere of home,— 10
 Called up her girlhood memories,
 The huskings and the apple-bees,
 The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
 Weaving through all the poor details
 And homespun warp of circumstance 15
 A golden woof-thread of romance.
 For well she kept her genial mood
 And simple faith of maidenhood ;
 Before her still a cloud-land lay,
 The mirage loomed across her way ; 20
 The morning dew, that dries so soon
 With others, glistened at her noon ;

Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to him of woman born
Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

25

THE SISTERS

THERE, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside ;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a slight disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried ! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee, — rest, 10
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things !
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings !

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
 Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
 Now bathed in the unfading green
And holy peace of Paradise.

Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms, 10
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still ?
With me one little year ago : —
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain ; 15
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak, 20
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad ; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness ; all the hills 25
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky ;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings. 30
And yet, dear heart ! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old ?

TO-DAY

THOMAS CARLYLE

HERE hath been dawning
 Another blue day ;
 Think, wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
 This new day was born ;
 Into Eternity
 At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
 No eye ever did ;
 So soon it forever
 From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
 Another blue day :
 Think, wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away.

CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE BATTLE MONUMENT,

JULY 4, 1837

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ; 5
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On the green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone ; 10
 That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
 To die, and leave their children free,
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare 15
 The shaft we raise to them and thee.

3. Does this shaft mark the spot where the farmers stood, or where the British fell ? Read Emerson's brief *Address at the Hundredth Anniversary of the Concord Fight, April 19, 1875*, the last piece written out with his own hand. (Cooke, 182.)

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

OUR band is few but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold ;
 The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.

Our fortress is the good greenwood, 5
 Our tent the cypress-tree ;
 We know the forest round us,
 As seamen know the sea.
 We know its walls of thorny vines,
 Its glades of reedy grass, 10
 Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
 That little dread us near !
 On them shall light at midnight 15
 A strange and sudden fear :
 When, waking to their tents on fire,
 They grasp their arms in vain,
 And they who stand to face us
 Are beat to earth again ;
 And they who fly in terror deem 20
 A mighty host behind,
 And hear the tramp of thousands
 Upon the hollow wind.

4. The exploits of General Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an intensely interesting chapter in the annals of the American Revolution.

Then sweet the hour that brings release 25
 From danger and from toil :
 We talk the battle over,
 And share the battle's spoil.
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
 As if a hunt were up, 30
 And woodland flowers are gathered
 To crown the soldier's cup.
 With merry songs we mock the wind
 That in the pine-top grieves,
 And slumber long and sweetly 35
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that Marion leads —
 The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds. 40
 'T is life to guide the fiery barb
 Across the moonlight plain ;
 'T is life to feel the night-wind
 That lifts the tossing mane.
 A moment in the British camp — 45
 A moment — and away
 Back to the pathless forest,
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
 Grave men with hoary hairs ; 50
 Their hearts are all with Marion,
 For Marion are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindliest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer, 55

And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton,
 Forever, from our shore.

60

OLD IRONSIDES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !
 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky ;
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar ; —
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

5

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee ; —
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea !

10

15

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave ;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,

And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threádbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !

20

THE VOICE OF SPRING

FELICIA D. HEMANS

I COME, I come ! ye have called me long —
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass, 5
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains ; — 10
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea, 15
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky ; 20
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main, 26
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves ! 30

Come forth, O ye children of gladness ! come !
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly !
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay, 35
Come forth to the sunshine — I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen !
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth ! 40
Their light stems thrill to the wildwood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye ! — ye are changed since ye met me last !
There is something bright from your features passed !
There is that come over your brow and eye 45
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die !
— Ye smile ! but your smile hath a dimness yet ;
O, what have you looked on since last we met ?

Ye are changed, ye are changed ! — and I see not here
 All whom I saw in the vanished year ! 50
 There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
 Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light ;
 There were eyes in whose glistening laughter lay
 No faint remembrance of dull decay !

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head, 55
 As if for a banquet all earth were spread ;
 There were voices that rang through the sapphire sky,
 And had not a sound of mortality !
 Are they gone ? is their mirth from the mountains
 passed ?

Ye have looked on death since ye met me last ! 60

I know whence the shadow comes o'er you now, —
 Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow !
 Ye have given the lovely to Earth's embrace, —
 She hath taken the fairest of Beauty's race,

With their laughing eyes and their festal crown : 65
 They are gone from amongst you in silence down !

They are gone from amongst you, the young and
 fair,
 Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair !
 But I know of a land where there falls no blight, —
 I shall find them there, with their eyes of light ! — 70
 Where Death midst the blooms of the morn may
 dwell,
 I tarry no longer, — farewell, farewell !

The summer is coming, on soft wings borne, —
 Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn !

For me, I depart to a brighter shore, — 75
 Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more ;
 I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
 And the flowers are not Death's. Fare ye well, fare-
 well !

A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND

PHOEBE CARY

AWAY, away in the Northland,
 Where the hours of the day are few,
 And the nights are so long in winter,
 They cannot sleep them through ;

Where they harness the swift reindeer 5
 To the sledges, when it snows ;
 And the children look like bear's cubs
 In their funny, fury clothes :

They tell them a curious story —
 I don't believe 't is true ; 10
 And yet you may learn a lesson
 If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter
 Lived in the world below,
 And walked about it, preaching, 15
 Just as he did, you know ;

He came to the door of a cottage,
 In travelling round the earth,
 Where a little woman was making cakes,
 And baking them on the hearth ; 20

And being faint with fasting,
 For the day was almost done,
 He asked her, from her store of cakes,
 To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake, 25
 But as it baking lay,
 She looked at it, and thought it seemed
 Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
 And still a smaller one ; 30
 But it looked, when she turned it over,
 As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
 And rolled and rolled it flat ;
 And baked it thin as a wafer — 35
 But she could n't part with that.

For she said, " My cakes that seem too small
 When I eat of them myself,
 Are yet too large to give away."
 So she put them on the shelf. 40

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
 For he was hungry and faint ;
 And surely such a woman
 Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, " You are far too selfish 45
 To dwell in a human form,
 To have both food and shelter,
 And fire to keep you warm.

“ Now, you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard dry wood.”

Then up she went through the chimney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird. 55

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same,
But all the rest of her clothes were burned
Black as a coal in the flame. 60

And every country school-boy
Has seen her in the wood ;
Where she lives in the trees till this very day,
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches : 65
Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,
Listen to pity's call ;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small. 70

Now, my little boy, remember that,
And try to be kind and good,
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress, 75
And see her scarlet hood.

You may n't be changed to a bird, though you
live

As selfishly as you can ;
But you will be changed to a smaller thing —
A mean and selfish man.

80

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL

(From the German of Julius Mosen)

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ON the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees He how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 't would free the Saviour
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness :
“ Blest be thou of all the good !
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood ! ”

5

10

15

And that bird is called the crossbill ;
 Covered all with blood so clear,
 In the groves of pine it singeth
 Songs, like legends, strange to hear. 20

THE SEA

BARRY CORNWALL

THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies, 5
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

I 'm on the sea ! I 'm on the sea !
 I am where I would ever be ;
 With the blue above, and the blue below,
 And the silence wheresoe'er I go ; 10
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,
 What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride
 On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon, 15
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
 But I loved the great sea more and more, 20
 And backward flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
 And a mother she was, and is, to me ;
 For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn, 25
 In the noisy hour when I was born ;
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild
 As welcomed to life the ocean-child ! 30

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
 With wealth to spend and a power to range,
 But never have sought nor sighed for change ;
 And Death, whenever it comes to me, 35
 Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea !

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron had fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead :
 Under the sod and the dew, 5
 Waiting the judgment-day ;

Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat, 10
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
• Waiting the judgment-day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray. 15

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe : 20
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day ;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain : 35

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day ;
 Wet with the rain, the Blue,
 Wet with the rain, the Gray. 40

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done,
 In the storm of the years that are fading
 No braver battle was won :
 Under the sod and the dew, 45
 Waiting the judgment-day ;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red ; 50
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead !
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment-day ;
 Love and tears for the Blue, 55
 Tears and love for the Gray.

THE RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET

HENRY VAN DYKE

I

WHERE 's your kingdom, little king ?
 Where 's the land you call your own,
 Where 's the palace, and your throne ?

Fluttering lightly on the wing
 Through the blossom-world of May, 5
 Whither lies your royal way?
 Where 's the realm that owns your sway,
 Little king?

Far to northward lies a land,
 Where the trees together stand 10
 Closer than the blades of wheat,
 When the summer is complete.
 Like a robe the forests hide
 Lonely vale and mountain side :
 Balsam, hemlock, spruce, and pine, — 15
 All those mighty trees are mine.
 There 's a river flowing free ;
 All its waves belong to me.
 There 's a lake so clear and bright
 Stars shine out of it all night, 20
 And the rowan-berries red
 Round it like a girdle spread.
 Feasting plentiful and fine,
 Air that cheers the heart like wine,
 Royal pleasures by the score, 25
 Wait for me in Labrador.
 There I 'll build my dainty nest ;
 There I 'll fix my court and rest ;
 There from dawn to dark I 'll sing :
 Happy kingdom ! Lucky king ! 30

II

Back again, my little king !
 Is your happy kingdom lost
 To that rebel knave, Jack Frost ?

Have you felt the snow-flakes sting ?
 Autumn is a rude disrober ; 35
 Houseless, homeless in October,
 Whither now ? Your plight is sober,
 Exiled king !

Far to southward lie the regions
 Where my loyal flower-legions 40
 Hold possession of the year,
 Filling every mouth with cheer.
 Christmas wakes the winter rose ;
 New Year daffodils unclose ;
 Yellow jasmine through the woods 45
 Runs in March with golden floods,
 Dropping from the tallest trees
 Shining streams that never freeze.
 Thither I must find my way,
 Fly by night and feed by day, — 50
 Till I see the southern moon
 Glistening on the broad lagoon,
 Where the cypress' vivid green,
 And the dark magnolia's sheen,
 Weave a shelter round my home. 55
 There the snow-storms never come :
 There the bannered mosses gray
 In the breezes gently sway,
 Hanging low on every side
 Round the covert where I hide. 60
 There I hold my winter court,
 Full of merriment and sport :
 There I take my ease and sing :
 Happy kingdom ! Lucky king !

III

Little boaster, vagrant king ! 65

Neither north nor south is yours :

You 've no kingdom that endures.

Wandering every fall and spring,

With your painted crown so slender,

And your talk of royal splendor, 70

Must I call you a Pretender,

Landless king ?

Never king by right divine

Ruled a richer realm than mine !

What are lands and golden crowns, 75

Armies, fortresses, and towns,

Jewels, sceptres, robes, and rings, —

What are these to song and wings ?

Everywhere that I can fly,

There I own the earth and sky ; 80

Everywhere that I can sing,

There I 'm happy as a king.

SIR LARK AND KING SUN

GEORGE MACDONALD

“ GOOD Morrow, my lord ! ” in the sky alone

Sang the lark as the sun ascended his throne.

“ Shine on me, my lord : I only am come,

Of all your servants, to welcome you home !

I have shot straight up, a whole hour, I swear, 5

To catch the first gleam of your golden hair.”

“ Must I thank you then,” said the king, “ Sir Lark,
For flying so high and hating the dark ?
You ask a full cup for half a thirst :
Half was love of me, half love to be first. 10
Some of my subjects serve better my taste :
Their watching and waiting means more than your
haste.”

King Sun wrapped his head in a turban of cloud ;
Sir Lark stopped singing, quite vexed and cowed ;
But higher he flew, for he thought, “ Anon 15
The wrath of the king will be over and gone ;
And, scattering his head-gear manifold,
He will change my brown feathers to a glory of gold ! ”

He flew, with the strength of a lark he flew,
But as he rose the cloud rose too ; 20
And not one gleam of the flashing hair
Brought signal of favor across the air ;
And his wings felt withered and worn and old,
For their feathers had had no chrism of gold.

Outworned at length, and throbbing sore,
The strong sun-seeker could do no more ;
He faltered and sank, then dropped like a stone
Beside his nest, where, patient, alone,
Sat his little wife on her little eggs,
Keeping them warm with wings and legs. 25

Did I say alone ? Ah, no such thing !
There was the cloudless, the ray-crowned king !
“ Welcome, Sir Lark ! — You look tired ! ” said he ;
“ Up is not always the best way to me :

While you have been racing my turban gray, 35
I have been shining where you would not stay!"

He had set a coronet round the nest;
Its radiance foamed on the wife's little breast;
And so glorious was she in russet gold
That Sir Lark for wonder and awe grew cold; 40
He popped his head under her wing, and lay
As still as a stone till King Sun went away.

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